Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at
http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/3319325.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Super Smash Brothers, Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening
Relationship:	Female My Unit/Male My Unit | Female Avatar/Male Avatar
Character:	Female My Unit | Avatar, Male My Unit | Avatar, Palutena (Kid Icarus), Pit (Kid Icarus), Dark Pit (Kid Icarus)
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Humor, Blind Date, First Dates, Awkward Dates, Snark, Friendship, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, One Shot, Prompt Fic
Series:	Part 2 of An AU SSB Series of Unfortunate Events
Stats:	Published: 2015-02-09 Words: 3833

Runaways

by tune4toons (ayunda)

Summary

Don't ever trust Palutena to set up blind dates.

Maybe Robin should've told Palutena she wasn't that desperate.

"Not that desperate" meaning no, she wasn't looking for a partner, but yes, she was fine going along with Palutena's idea to set her up on a blind date if only to avoid future nagging about how she never goes out for fun. Though now that Robin arrives at the diner to see her blind date in the flesh, she can't help but stare at the man sitting down at a table by the window, menu in hand.

"He's essentially another you," Palutena told her a week ago. *"You'll get along great. Trust me."*

Robin thought Palutena was joking, yet here's a guy with a mop for hair donning the same shade of silver as her own ponytails. She sighs, walking over to his table. "Are you—?"

But she cuts herself off when she sees him in full. *Whoa, not just our hair.* He's wearing the same purple hoodie as her, has the same Plegian-pale skin, same round face, same dark eyes. The guy glances up at her and his pupils dilate, mimicking not only appearances, but the way he stares back too.

The guy stammers. "Are you Palutena's—?"

Robin nods— "Yup." —and takes the seat across from him in shaky silence. Sure, Robin's made Palutena help with a couple of crazy stunts before, so maybe this is a dream or some twisted attempt at retribution.

Robin tries to relax herself, smiling. "Never expected to meet another Plegian out here."

The guy chuckles and drops his stiff posture. "Of course Palutena sets up two Plegians together—not that there's anything wrong!" he adds, waving a hand as if he thought that'd insult Robin even though it didn't. "It's nice being able to meet more of my people out here."

"Same." Though by the way his words flow out in a slight slur, he couldn't have recently arrived from Plegia. Maybe give or take a few years since arrival. Robin continues, "Hope you don't mind me saying, but I'm not looking for anything serious right now."

"Oh thank you." The guy puts down his menu and smiles. Was that what all his fidgeting was about? "I wasn't sure what Palutena had planned with this blind date, but glad to know it's not just me."

While laughing at how similar their train of thoughts are, Robin holds out a hand. "Name's Robin. Nice to meet you."

But the guy's smile drops as he stares at her.

"What's wrong?"

A second later, he reacts with a handshake, but his grip doesn't match her firm grasp. "I'm also Robin," he says. "Nice to meet you."

Robin lets go of the guy's hand. "You're kidding."

But he shakes his head.

She knew it. Palutena set her up. Then again, Palutena's the last person Robin expects to know about how relationships work, let alone how to matchmake. "How much did she pay you?"

He raises a brow. "What?"

The guy has the usual Plegian facial features, so he couldn't have dyed his hair, spray painted his skin, or anything like that. Robin sucks in a breath. He also looked pretty insulted from she asking that question, so she can check the "fake appearances" option out of the list of possibilities. "Did Palutena ask you to do anything besides come on this blind date?"

The male 'Robin' scoffs. "No, but I was going to ask *you* if you're Palutena's friend too. You are a genuine, Plegian 'Robin'?"

She rolls her eyes. "Born and raised in the capital."

"Plegian capital? Me—"

"Too? Can't be." Yup, practically another her. *At least Palutena wasn't lying about that…* "If you don't mind me asking, what's your surname?"

"Rufure."

She sighs. "Valese." *One difference. Good. At least there's that.* "So Rufure," Robin leans on one elbow, her other hand drumming across the table, "what is your relationship with Palutena?"

"Friend," Rufure says, quick to respond. "We all study at the same campus."

"Not the same subjects though, right?"

Without a word, Rufure pulls out his phone and flips through whatever is on his screen. Afterwards he sets it down on the table, displaying a photo of a spreadsheet with his entire week's schedule to Robin. "Come on. Let's see yours too."

"Is that a command?" Despite the way she complies with what he asks, she'd rather not bother. She opens up a photo of her own schedule and slides it across the table. A quick peek at his timetable and: "We share two history courses and geography together." She whistles. "Three classes, wow. Sure you're not a stalker?"

He scoffs again. "What about you? Sure you're not one yourself?"

A waitress finally comes to their table, allowing Robin to retrieve her phone back from Rufure as she watches him shift his focus away. Honestly the similarities between them are too much for Robin to take in at once. When her buzzes with a text message a few seconds later, Robin is more than happy to turn away from reality for a moment.

「 *How's the date going, dear?* 」 Palutena. Of course.

「 *Awkward. Why would you do this to me?* 」

「 *But you two have exactly the same personality.* 」 Before Robin can respond, Palutena sends her another text. 「 *Both of you put your phones down and talk to each other or so help me, I will set you up on brand new blind dates.* 」

Robin glances up only to see Rufure looking up at her from his own phone as well, the waitress long gone along with their menus.

「 *It's for your own good.* 」 Palutena sends one last time before Robin stuffs her phone back in her pocket without responding.

She watches Rufure glance out the window, pointing to the cafe across the street. Robin's gaze follows. Despite the cars passing by, from the cafe they spot Palutena chewing on a piece of cake. Palutena, catching their stares, waves at them, smiling like the devil she is.

Robin sighs. "How long is she planning on watching us for?"

"Aren't you a closer friend of hers than I am? I only know her by association."

Before Robin can answer, the waitress comes back with two cups of tea, setting one in front of her. "Wait," Robin says, "I haven't ordered yet."

The waitress cuts her off. "Your brother ordered already."

"He's not my—" "She's not my—"

Robin glances over to Rufure, who carries the same wide-eyed expression as her. A second later, she turns away to hide her heating cheeks. With the way the both of them spoke at the same time, it's no wonder they can pass off as siblings.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the waitress says. "Your boyfriend?"

"No, he's—" "She isn't—"

They both stop themselves again, Robin unable to help staring at Rufure this time. Rather than ask again, the waitress makes the smart choice by leaving their table, allowing Robin to collect herself with a deep breath.

"It's hard to blame her." Rufure smirks. "We do make a convincing pair of siblings."

Does he have to sound happy about it though? Robin narrows her gaze. "You ordered for me already?"

He shrugs. "Thought you might want tea rather than coffee."

"How'd you know I—" But she decides to collapse back against her seat. "—forget it. You ordered food too?"

He nods and they both fall silent. A few minutes later, it doesn't surprise her when the waitress comes back with a bowl of bear bone broth for each of them.

Robin chuckles. "You can't just assume I like broth just because I'm Plegian."

"Don't need to be Plegian to like broth. Plus you're not complaining."

She rolls her eyes. "How about I order my own food next time?" Yes, Robin had been in the mood for soup, but that doesn't mean she likes the way the guy keeps turning this entire doppelgänger coincidence into a guessing game. She watches the way Rufure eats up his broth at the same pace she does, at the way he's probably watching her movements too. The silence doesn't help, and the mood feels more awkward with every second.

What was Palutena thinking? Just because Rufure and she share the same first name, and are both Plegian, and have similar clothing styles and classes and personalities doesn't mean they'd get along. Heck, even these past moments alone, Rufure's been nothing but rude and suspicious of her. Though granted, she'd been just as suspicious of him. Plus she's already started coming up with ways questions to interrogate Rufure with too.

Too bad it doesn't stop her from thinking of him as a conceited guy.

The good thing is Rufure had been just as interested to know about her. Their entire time eating at the diner was of them exchanging pieces of their history, and Robin can't help but wonder how they've never met sooner.

Not only had they both grown up in Plegia's capital, but they'd lived in the same district. They moved here to Sakurai City around the same month—Robin didn't dare ask if he moved the same day she did. Plus they both happen to know the same circle of people despite never knowing each other.

"Wait," Robin bursts out laughing after she finishes the last bit of her broth, "you're the one Lucina broke it off with because she thought you were cheating on her with a guy?"

"What?" He almost chokes on his tea before setting his cup down. "In my defence, my best friend tends to hover. Plus he lands himself in the doctor's office more times than the average person can afford physiotherapy. Someone has to make sure he doesn't accidentally break his arm."

Break an arm… Knows Lucina, so… "By any chance, do you know Chrom?"

"Actually, that's exactly who I was talking about! You know him too?"

"Better. Used to date him—even though most of our dates consisted of nature hikes followed by

trips to the first aid room." Robin laughs again. "You're definitely right about the hovering though. He's such a child."

Speaking of hovering, Robin had her eye on two people sitting at the table behind Rufure. A quick peek at the cafe across the street and Palutena had long since left, a random couple taking her place at the seat by the window. However, Robin caught someone peeking around the seat cushion behind Rufure a few times, sneaking glances at them once in a while.

Robin beckons Rufure to come closer to her and though he hesitates for a moment, he leans over the table, giving her the opportunity to whisper in his ear. "The table behind you, I think they're spying on us." He tries to turn around, but Robin grabs his shoulder. "Don't look. Do you know Palutena's friend Pit by any chance? Pit Icarus?"

"I know his twin brother, Pittoo. Why do you—?"

"Shhh!" Robin hushes him while bringing her voice down to a whisper. "They're both here."

He turn around again, Robin deciding not to stop him this time. Stealing a glance herself, she spots Pit talking to assumably his brother, luckily him not noticing her stares. She herself can't spot the brother, but either way…

"Of course she gets the idiot twins to spy on us."

Rufure snorts. "That's harsh."

"But you laughed, so you agree with me."

"Oh, so *now* you choose to try mind reading."

By the way he looks back at Robin, she can tell he's thinking the same thing she has been: to get rid of the Icarus twins. Question is how. Sure, she can continue this blind date regardless of whether or not they're being spied on, but if Pit's involved and tells Palutena anything major, Robin will never hear the end of it.

Robin scopes out the rest of the diner, gaze landing at the hallway next to the kitchen's serving window. Assuming that's where the washrooms are, she can try that. Find a window. Crawl out and escape. Have Rufure pay for lunch in the meantime and get Palutena to pay him back later.

"The washrooms here don't have windows if that's what you're thinking," Rufure says. "Besides, I'm not letting you get away without paying your meal first."

Robin turns back to face him. "And here I thought you were a gentlemen considering you ordered for me."

"Look, I'm sorry, okay? Besides, for me to be a gentlemen, you'd have to be a lady."

She had planned on giving him a faux gasp, but instead her mouth hangs agape. "Are you always this rude?"

"Says the one who was about to make me pay the entire bill."

He has a point there, but at least she's proactive enough to try to think of escape plans. *Moving to Plan B*. If the front entrance is their only exit, they'd need the Icarus twins distracted so both Robins can pay their tabs and leave. Not that Robin knows how to get them to look away since from their window seat, the Icarus twins have a clear view of every table in the diner. Neither of them can even stand up without it catching Pit's or Pittoo's attentions.

"We could try getting a waitress to hold their attention," Rufure says.

"No, they'd still be able to see us sneaking off anyway."

She waves a hand over to the closest waitress that makes eye contact with her. The waitress nods and walks to the cash counter to get their bill.

"We'll just have to run it."

"Huh?" Rufure says. "Run what?"

"Just get your money ready."

The next moment, the waitress returns and sets the bill down on their table. Robin quickly digs out fifteen dollars out of her pocket and doesn't bother letting Rufure finish counting his money before she swipes a five and a ten out of his hands.

"Keep the change," Robin says, grabbing Rufure's hand. Before the waitress reacts, Robin shoots out of her seat and yanks Rufure along, accidentally knocking another waitress holding drinks. The drinks spill onto Pittoo's lap, leaving a flabbergasted Pit, whose mouth drops open while stuffed with a half eaten hamburger. Robin bursts through the glass diner doors before Pittoo starts yelling at Pit.

Of all the dates she's had, they've all ended in boredom or going along with their nuisances. Yet here she is dragging a stranger she just met down the street, her heavy pants and pounding heart drumming louder than the cars rushing by, running from pissed people.

A quick check over her shoulder and no Icarus twins. Just a stammering Rufure trying to catch his breath and keep up with her running. Perfect.

They run around the street corner to the other side and barge through the doors of the first convenience store they see. When Robin lets go of Rufure to drop her hands on her knees, inertia sends Rufure tumbling forward, almost crashing into a shelf full of candy. He stops himself just in time, but a second later and he could've rammed entire shelf down.

All in the meantime, the shop clerk standing behind the counter to their left watches them, bug-eyed.

"What. In. Naga," Rufure says between pants, turning back to face Robin as he narrows his gaze, "was that?"

Robin starts laughing, "As if you…" but her depleted energy makes her wheeze instead, "would've been able… to think of… a better plan."

When Rufure finally calms his breathing, he bites his lip as if trying to rein back any insults from coming out. "We could've gone out the back door."

"Even you know they would've noticed if *both* of us went that way."

He groans. "Or go one at a time."

Robin chuckles. "Admit it, Rufure." *A stubborn one too, isn't he?* "I won this round."

"But getting drinks spilled on Pittoo? I'd rather concede any day." Rufure may be saying that, but Robin catches a smirk creeping up on his face anyway.

Since they stumbled into a small convenience store of all places, Robin figures they might as well browse for a while before calling it a day. Her gaze sweeps through the store, her feet carrying her over to the back freezers where the drinks sat. All in the while, her stomach starts squeezing in on her. Gods, running after eating was one of the worst ideas she's had. A drink will probably help ease the ache down, but she's out of money thanks to that stupidly good bear bone broth, so maybe next time.

In her pocket, her phone starts buzzing and Robin pulls it out, only to find the screen littered in texts from Palutena:

「 *I plan one date and you two ride off into the dawn light.* 」

「 *See? The two of you are romantics.* 」

「 *Though Pittoo's mad.* 」

「 *What did you do?* 」

"Palutena?" Rufure says. Robin glances up and notices him stuffing his own phone back in his hoodie.

"She's asking why Pittoo's pissed."

"It *was* your fault, Miss 'I won this round.'"

Robin scoffs. "Are you always this mean to girls you've just met?"

Rufure shrugs, only making Robin clench her teeth. The nerve of this guy. She should've never agreed to Palutena's blind date suggestion.

…Okay, perhaps that's an exaggeration, but it's still Palutena's fault regardless. After all, whose brilliant idea was it to bring together two people where every conversation feels more like a stand off rather than being able to enjoy what they actually have in common—

"Get down!" Rufure says, pulling Robin down behind a shelf.

Before she can open her mouth, Rufure points toward the entrance. Stealing a quick peek, she spots Palutena blocking the exit, phone in hand and a slight wrinkle breaking her smiling mask.

"Oh dear, she's mad."

Rufure glances at Palutena. "How can you tell?"

They watch Palutena walk over to the cashier, and a second later the cashier points in their direction, though the shelves block them from Palutena's line of sight.

"You see?" Robin says. "She's mad."

"Fine, you stay here," Rufure says, standing up from his crouched position.

"Wait, what are you doing, stop—!"

But it's too late. Robin forces herself to hide behind the next aisle to watch Rufure meet Palutena's gaze as she puts on her best smile. Rufure's doomed. Years of knowing Palutena and Robin's never seen a scowl. Rather, the brighter the smile, the more chills Robin gets, but only because she's seen Palutena when she's mad.

And that's no happy smile.

"Robin," Palutena says, and for a second Robin forgets she's addressing Rufure, not her. "There you are. Think I wouldn't find you?"

Palutena's presence chills the air cooler than the freezers beside them. Rufure scratches the back of his head, chuckling out a nervousness Robin knew he wouldn't have been able to hold back. "Sorry, Palutena," he says. "Hope you're not mad."

"Hope I'm not—?" She pauses, stopping herself with a sigh. "I do hope you two at least enjoyed yourselves since I paired you up with the best woman I could possibly think of, one who should've been able to retain your attention for once. *Please* tell me the two of you talked before you decided to escape."

"We did. My date was… interesting."

Palutena giggles. "Only interesting? You talk as if you had high standards to begin with."

Robin's mouth hangs agape. Excuse me, she wants to say, but figures it'd be better to stay hidden just in case Palutena wants to interrogate her too.

"What are your thoughts on her anyway?" Palutena asks.

Rufure steals a quick glance at Robin, meeting the curiosity in her stare as she stays crouched. The moment he offers a smirk, Robin's ready to indite murder.

"Palutena," he says, "I appreciate you setting up this date for us. It was great finally being able to meet someone even more competitive than I am."

Is that supposed to mean something? Robin's had enough of his sarcastic tone for today. While Rufure continues to distract Palutena, Robin takes the opportunity to sneak through the aisle toward the exit to freedom.

"By the way, Robin," Palutena says, "You might as well stand up. I know you're there."

Robin gasps, turning back to see Palutena staring squarely at her. "How'd you know I was here?"

Palutena holds up her phone. "GPS." Then she draws the screen back and starts texting. "I also took the liberty to inform Pit and Pittoo that *both* of you are here. For clarity, they were curious about you too. I simply encouraged them to see you two for themselves."

As if on cue, both Pit and Pittoo enter into the conscience store, prompting Robin to stand up from her spot. Unlike the calm Pit, Pittoo's steaming red with both fists clenched, his teeth gritted, and a murderous gaze locked on a pale Rufure. Robin sucks in a breath, her escape route now blocked off.

A second later, she hears someone stampeding behind her. She turns around only for Rufure to grab her hand and rush forward, charging through the Icarus twins before they react.

Once they're out the door, they start running again.

Despite Pittoo trying to chase after them, Rufure and Robin wind through pedestrian crowds with ease. After racing around the street corner, Rufure enters the closest alley to their right, pulling Robin in it as well. He slams himself against the concrete wall, dropping his hands on his knees as he tries to catch his breath.

"Tired already, Rufure?" Robin says, out of breath herself. "You oughta get back into shape."

"Speak for yourself, Valese." Though he doesn't add anymore to it. Once he stops himself from panting, he continues, "Honestly not the blind date I was expecting, but I'll live."

Robin snorts. "What were you expecting exactly?"

"Someone—"

"Different?" Robin cuts him off. "Just remember that *you're* the one who made us run the second time."

It takes her the next second of watching Rufure grumble to notice she's still holding his hand. He soon notices too and slips his hand away, mumbling, "Sorry."

But he doesn't say anything else, so Robin does a last check of the sidewalk. No Pit or Pittoo. No Palutena too—though granted, she has her GPS, so it won't be long.

"How about we start over?" Rufure blurts out, shifting her attention back towards him. "Have a proper first date rather than today's marathon."

"Marathon? Are you that out of shape?" Despite the way Rufure glares, Robin chuckles. "I kid, but I'd love to, even though now I know about your… *competitiveness*."

He rolls his eyes. "Next week, same time?"

Robin nods. "Sure." She figures it's time to head back home anyway before the Icarus twins find them, so she waves goodbye as she leaves him in the alley.

"By the way," he calls out before she makes a complete exit, "you owe me money for the diner dash."

She scoffs. Of course he would point that out.

Though to be honest, in his position she would've done the same.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!